

Pride Poem

Charlie

When you step outside, to go for a walk,
New faces and hair, new clothing, new talk,
It's everywhere in the air, on the streets and the train,
Uniqueness holds the world together, like a strong chain,
But somehow we manage to make things a norm,
Thinking, "This is the only true way to get along,"
Well somewhere out there, Is a scared little kid,
Hiding deep in the closet, hating their own skin,
Trying to fit in by looking alike,
Trying to hide the true colours of their own unique fire,
That kids colours don't have to be plain,
Like everyone else's, like the norm we would say,
That kids colours could be blue, pink and white,
Black, white, grey, yellow,
The perfect colours for their own fire,
I would name all the pride flags, but that would take far to long,
Plus this story can only be a thousand words long,
So I'll end with something useful instead,
A little piece of advice, words of my own that I've said,
No matter the colour of your skin,
Or the shape of your body, your hair or chin,
We all have the same rainbow, roaring inside,
Ready to burst out as a beautiful fearless fire,
No matter he, they or her,
Gay, straight or bi,
Non-binary, cis or a transgender guy,
Somewhere deep inside us all, in our bones and our hearts,
Is the same raging fire,
That makes us who we are.